

Sunset

all falling leaves become sacred like birds
all mountains grow feathers like lightning

it's when the sun makes everything itself
I begin to gain the look of a goddess

My late father

the man sitting by the Yellow River has grass growing
on his head, his face a mound, full of roots and mud

the man sitting by the Yellow River throws his feet into the river
the water gets muddier, river bed rises, agitated

the man sitting by the Yellow River sits on the river
facing the river, no one can see his face clearly

he has brought the entire plain to the river
he has become tons of sunrises and sunsets

Grand harvest

love this moment especially
when a train starts up from
inside the train, things quiet down
and I got a window seat
outside

golden wheat wait for harvest
ripe and overflowing, the earth swells up
from a distance it looks like there is no
ears of wheat, nor golden burst
or gallops internally either

very soon there will be a setting sun flying
to the horizon and a sunset appears
but how lost I am, when such a huge harvest
has nothing to do with me

Field

there are but poplars, with strong
dark annual rings, going down the roots
there are but a few big birds flying low, chirping low
standing still on gravestones—
those sleeping underground are unrelated to them though
there are but small trumpet flowers dripping dew
holding out their young green uterus sideways
there are but sweet potatoes and radishes
frosted, sweeter than ever but still in the soil
crushed, oppressed
it's but such a day (what a day)
that I am, not a farmer, but climbing up from the field
that the dry wind
low, almost touching the ground, tugging my legs
it's but wind, wind, when
I leave, I leave
obviously alone, but from a distance
I look like being hijacked (by the wind) and I can't
but running along